I've Always Wanted to Die Clean and Pretty (Last Words of A Shooting Star)

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I’ve Always Wanted to Die Clean and Pretty (Last Words of A Shooting Star)

by eirian_light

Summary

(Highschool AU)

Ivan’s unrequited feelings for his friend, Till, ends with him catching the rare Hanahaki Disease, which is terminal unless a surgery is conducted or the person in question confesses.

He obviously doesn’t do the surgery, because he at least wants to remember Till when he finally dies.

Notes

TW: Blood, vomiting and sad gay men.

See the end of the work for more notes

Ivan hasn't shown up to school for at least the last week, not that he was really keeping up with the time nowadays. Usually when he used to skip classes, it was usually to bother Till who had stayed home that day as well or just because his depression had come to bite him in the ass. When he did come back to school, he'd use whatever shitty excuses he could spin quickly, not that he really cared about getting suspended.

He wonders if saying that he was throwing up flowers would be a better excuse than if his nonexistent dog ate his homework. He chuckles weakly at the thought, causing more blood red flowers to rise in his throat as he chokes on a cough.

Currently he was doing the most productive thing he could at the moment. Lie in bed atop red stained sheets and pretend he *wasn't* dying, Anakt flowers around him. Till's favourite flower. Before he was bound to his bed by this stupid illness, he would watch in admiration as the boy he loved would weave together the stems of the flowers until they made a crown, giving it to Mizi, of course.

He remembers when, a few months ago, Sua had told him that she and Mizi had gotten together and, of course, he was happy for them, but he was also sympathetic for Till, who hadn't been exactly thrilled inwardly about the news.

A few days beforehand that is when he had first gotten Hanahaki. It had first started with a small itch in his throat which he had just brushed off for a regular cold in which he's usually get every few months. But, it then turned into coughing fits which soon turned violent, then the blood, then petals and now, whole flowers, even small stems and thorns which scratched his throat as they came up.

Beautiful but deadly. That's Till alright.

He can't remember when exactly he fell in love with the silver haired male, but he had, nonetheless. He admired the way his small tics and habits, like picking his nails when nervous or how his green eyes would light up when he got excited. Coughs racked his already

exhausted body as he thought more about him, but he promptly ignored it.

On the other hand, that is exactly how he got into this mess, ignoring everything. Till, who already had an obvious crush on Mizi, had grown on him like a parasite and had consumed his mind and even his body like one. He has just been allowing this disease to take over his lungs slowly as he grows worse just so he could remember Till in his last moments if he was going to die sooner than later.

He would rather be hit by a fourteen-wheeler than forget Till. He had considered it, actually.

If he was being honest, though, he did feel like utter shit. His body was cold and shivering one moment, then burning him alive the next, his throat was slowly closing by the hour and his limbs were powerless, leaving him limp on the scattered sheets on his bed. He lived alone as he had the choice to when he had turned 16 after ending up just running away from his parents who obviously didn't give a shit when he left. He had found a relatively cheap apartment and payed for it through his job and money he had saved when he may or may not have stolen it from his parents before he left.

Plus, the fuckwad landlord made him pay extra for him to live there alone as a minor and for him to keep his mouth shut about it. He probably had a hundred late rent signs on his door, but he honestly couldn't care less.

His mind slowly drifted and he felt faint, like he was about to pass out. He swore under his breath, knowing that if he went to sleep now, he probably wouldn't wake back up. He was already in the last stage of Hanahaki, he hasn't eaten in days, and he had a fever on tip of all of that.

He was doing *great.*

Just as he was about to slip into unconsciousness, however, a loud knock came at his door, causing his eyes to reopen. Now, this could rather be one of two people. His shitty landlord, or-

“Hey, idiot! Open the damn door!” A frustrated voice calls out.

Till. Speak of the motherfucking devil.

Shit.

Till was fucking pissed.

Ivan had left him in the lurch on a school project that was due in the next two days, which he had done barely anything on, and he hasn’t shown up to school in a damn week and a half. His irritation only grew when the raven haired male didn’t open the door.

He knocked again, louder this time.

”Hey, asshole! If you don’t open this fucking door I swear to god!” He yells. A few minutes pass and nothing happens, not even a single sound coming from inside.

He grumbles and fetches an extra key from his bag which Ivan had given to him ‘just in case’, or whatever. He fumbled with it for a moment before slamming open the door, throwing his bag down on a small chair in the entryway. Ivan’s apartment wasn’t too big at all, just a small sitting room which doubled as a living room, a tiny bathroom and a bedroom with a decent sized bed.

He stomped through the place, cursing under his breath between calling out angrily to find the idiot. He hastily opened the bedroom door as he saw the black haired figure lying on his side on the bed, his face growing hot with frustration. He goes to the other side of the bed to get a better look at him.

”Hey! Why the fuck didn’t you open the damn door-“ He was cut off by his own breath hitching.

Ivan, the cocky, stupid asshole who never shut the fuck up, was surrounded by flowers which he immediately recognized, Anakt flowers, which were coated in a thick coat of blood. He instinctively took a step back at the sight of the most disturbing part of the whole ordeal. His *face.* The usual lazy smile on his face was replaced with a tired expression, almost defeated as he lie there. The black eyes flicker to Till as a weak and dead smile twitched at the corners of his mouth.

”..Hey, Till..how’re you..?” He mumbles, a wary, strained smile stretching across his features.

He felt like he was frozen in place. He didn’t know how to deal with *this*. Hesitantly, he stepped forward until he was towering over him, his emerald eyes wide with shock and even a hint of rare *concern*. But he brushed that away as quick as it came.

“The fuck do you mean how am *I!?* What the fuck is going on!?” His voice raised.

Ivan laughed softly, “M’just a bit sick.. why? You worried, Till..?” He doesn’t move an inch from where he lay, just looks at him.

His irritation flared once again. “Cut the bullshit! You’re not just a bit sick, you look like you’re *dying* for fucks sake! Tell me what the hell’s goin’ on!”

Ivan smiled, but then coughed once again, his body shaking with strain. “Just- look up ‘Hanahaki’, I’m- too tired to explain right now..”

He grumbles and pulls out his phone, searching it up in his terrible spelling, accidentally spelling ‘Hanihali’ instead. But, thank fuck for spellcheck, because a short article comes up as he skims through the highlight bits.

Hanahaki Disease.

A rare illness caused by unrequited love for another where the victim’s lungs will start to be a host to their crushes favorite flower, causing them symptoms such as vomiting, coughing, choking, fatigue or fever. This can be treated one of two ways. The victim can get an emergency surgery where the flowers will be removed from their system from the roots, but this will also remove the host’s memory of the special individual as well, or the crush can confess. This disease can last up to two months and is all together-

All together terminal without treatment.

His heart stopped at that moment when he read that line. Ivan had always been there, even when Till wishes he wasn’t, and now he could actually die-

He reached forward and grabbed Ivan by the collar of his wrinkly shirt, “You’re getting that damn surgery! You can’t just lie here and wait to fucking die-“

”I’m not.” Ivan mumbles defiantly.

What.

“What the fuck do you mean you’re not getting it!? Do you not understand through that thick skull of yours that you’ll die if you don’t get it!?” He yells in a rage at the stupidity of the man in front of him as his hold tightens.

“I understand completely.” Ivan smiles at him, as if unbothered by the fact that he’s literally *dying*. “If I do it I won’t be able to remember them, if you really did read that. Or do you not remember how to read, hm?” He taunts.

God, he may kill him before the disease does. “So you’re just gonna wait here for this disease to fucking kill you for some shithead who doesn’t even like you back!?”

”You’d do the same for Mizi, wouldn’t you?” Ivan shrugs.

That struck a nerve within him as he pauses. Yes, of course he’d do that for Mizi if he were in Ivan’s shoes, he loves her, but-

“This isn’t about her.” He grits. “This is about your stupid ass which is just waiting here to die instead of doing something about it!”

Ivan’s mouth opens as if to retort, probably some stupid excuse, when he starts coughing violently, his whole body convulsing as he crumples in on himself. Choked sounds come from the back of his throat as more flowers, along with stomach acid and blood, rise up.

”Shit!” Till curses, sitting on the bed beside him hurriedly. He didn’t know what to fucking do in this situation, so he just awkwardly put a hand on the others back. “You’ve gotta calm down, idiot!” But it was doing no good as the hacking continued, before he threw up, a burning feeling left in his system as his already weakened body shakes profusely.

Ivan wheezes, trying to catch his breath, when his body looses its bits of strength left and he falls into Till’s side, who then is left to try to keep him propped up. He mumbles a curse under his breath and huffs. “You fucking *moron..”* He wraps an arm begrudgingly around the raven haired mans shoulders, keeping him from falling, a movement that makes Ivan’s heartbeat grow loud in his ears and flowers to rise up again, but he does his best to force them down, wincing as the thorns cut thin markings into the insides of his throat.

He heaves after, thank god, the coughing stopped a few moments later, leaving him slumped against the others side, forehead slick with sweat from strain. *This disease is just dangling my death in front of my face, why doesn’t it just get it over wi-*

His thoughts are completely derailed when a pair of arms embrace him. *Till’s* arms. He could count on one hand the amount of times he’s been willingly hugged by Till, so it is both shocking and completely uncharacteristic.

”Did you tell *anyone?*” Till’s voice came from where his head rests on his shoulder. “Sua?”

”..No.” He answers. Sua was like a sister to him, a short, mean, protective sister. If he were to tell her, she would’ve hauled his ass to the hospital in seconds, not caring who he had feelings for. It was a trait he loved about her, but it wasn’t ideal in this situation.

They both at in an awkward but tense silence for a minute, the only noise coming from the busy outside roads and Ivan's slightly raspy breathing. The evening light filtered through the windows, covering them in a dim light.

Ivan was tired. He was so, so fucking tired. But, even though he was basically on death's door and if he went to sleep, he wouldn't have to deal with this anymore and would probably die, he didn't. He didn't want Till to watch him die.

His body had other plans. His airways suddenly felt interrupted, his breathing turning shallow. The cuts from earlier ached and he could feel the blood in his throat that was rising, pooling into his mouth. It dribbled down the side of it, dripping onto Till's sweater.

Till felt the wetness on his shoulder and scoffed in mock of the other, "Idiot, you're cryi-" Until his voice was abruptly cut off from himself as he pulled him away and saw the blood and his laboured breathing. His eyes grew wide and as he felt Ivan's body tremble, he pulled him back against him, chest against his back. "Hey, hey, *breath-*"

But Ivan couldn't. He couldn't fucking *breath.* And, for the first time since he got sick, he felt an intense sense of fear. Not at the fact that he was about to die, but that he loved Till and was too much of a coward to say. Even better, Till was about to watch him die.

He tries to get the words out, but ends up choking on the blood, coughing hoarsely, body convulsing. Till gripped his shoulders from

behind. “Jesus, don’t talk, just shut up.” His voice sounded panicked, unsure-

scared.

He sucks in the last of the air he can gather, but still can’t get anything out, so he switches tactics and, in a last ditch attempt, he taps Till’s leg with a finger.

1 tap.

4 taps.

3 taps.

143.

I love you.

Till's body and mind freezes after the other does it a few times and it registers. His thoughts spiral and he denies it, pushing away everything. The other keeps tapping repeatedly, ober and over and over.

I love you.

Ivan couldn't, he couldn't be the one he likes, it couldn't, *shouldn't,* be —

I love you.

Please, no, it can't be, this can't be happening, this was his fault—

I love you.

Not being able to take it anymore, he takes the others weak hand in his own, forcing him to stop, looking at the raven haired man's face. It was exhausted looking, eyebags, hair messy and tangled, blood coating his chin, eyes dull and half lidded.

”Stop.” He mutters, teeth gritting, “Please, fucking stop.. you- why me-“ He stutters, words coming out faster than his thoughts.

Ivan couldn’t talk, but he could find over a hundred different answers to the latter if he was. The back of his head was backed against Till’s chest, who was mumbling random rambles. But, as his airways stop taking in tge little air he had left in his supply, he stopped breathing altogether.

He looks hazily up at Till’ admiring him for a final time, his face, the light blue hue of his eyes, his messy, lightly sprayed silver hair. He gazed at his lips, his jaw, his nose, his cheeks, until dark spots clouded his vision.

He doesn’t fight it, letting it overtake him before he goes slack against the other, eyes slipping shut.

Till snaps back into reality when the other leant heavily against him when he noticed the lack of the rise and fall of his chest. He froze, the whole world stopping. The clock in the corner seemed to stop ticking, the cars engines fading out, the air went cold.

no. nonnononononononono—

A shaky hand reached to Ivan’s still chest, right above his heart. He knew he was dying, not dead yet as there was a faint heartbeat beneath his ribs, but there must be something, gods, please, something..

If the one who is loved reciprocates the feeling, tgeir flowers will wilt and

stop affecting their lungs.

A feeling sparks in his chest, one that he's been trying to suppress and get rid of for months. It was a similr feeling to tge one for Mizi, but.. not for her.

For Ivan.

When he first got it, he found the possibility ridiculous, pushing it away, all of it. The faint blush at the other's cocky smile when his snaggletooth showed, when Ivan had gotten drunk stupid and his speech was slurred, his voice unfiltered.

Oh gods. He *loved* him. And now, he was gone.

His breathing picked up and he wrapped his arms around other, turning his unconscious body to it's side, his head lolling onto his chest. He hesitated, then brought a hand up to the other's face, resting it on his cheek. Ivan's cheekbone slightly jutted out, showing the malnutrition of being in bedrest of the past week. His hair was also thin and greasy from the lack of a wash. His eyes, wide in terror and denial, flitted to the others lips before he did something he'd never expected to be doing.

In a matter of two seconds, his lips were pressed against the others'.

It was desperate, quick. He broke away and stared down at his body again. It hadn't moved at all, not on its own. It was totally lifeless and limp, not breathing at all. It all finally hit him like a ton of bricks. Ivan, the constant, cocky, annoying Ivan, was gone. Dead. How could it be so easy? How could the same lively person who had just been

breathing mere *minutes* before, is dead? A tear slips down his cheek, followed by many more as he crumples inti the other, clinging to him.

But, then the body breathed.

Till didn't know if he had imagined it or not as he turned his head to look at the mans blank face whose eyes were shut and mouth slightly parted. That was, until Ivan breathed again.

And again.

And *again.*

Till let out a relieved breath, followed by a shaky laugh as he placed a hand on Ivan's chest, feeling it move up and down with movement. He pulled Ivan up, embracing him as close as he could. He lied back down on Ivan's bed, holding the man in his arms. They were surrounded by the blood red flowers, Till holding the other like a fragile glass he didn't want to break. Ivan didn't wake, he was obviously tired in both body and mind, so he slept, not stirring or moving a muscle.

Dusk turned into the deep, endless night, filling with stars, the bug, bright moon hanging over them as its light shines on their entangled bodies as a glow. And, for once in the last few gruelling weeks, Ivan can truly rest alongside Till, who had held him till the sun rose over

the line of horizon.

End Notes

Sorry if this is really bad, I got lazy towards the end and such.
But, I hope you liked it. :)

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